

American
JUNIOR RED CROSS
September 1931 **NEWS** *"I Serve"*





The Pirate

Drawing by Marie Abrams Lawson

WITH a sash of crimson velvet and a diamond-hilted sword
 And a silver whistle about my neck secured to a golden cord,
 And a habit of taking captives and walking them along a board,
 Like a fine old salt-sea scavenger, like a tarry Buccaneer.

With a spy-glass tucked beneath my arm and a cocked hat cocked
 askew,
 And a long, low, rakish schooner a-cutting of the waves in two,
 And a flag of skull and cross-bones the wickedest that ever flew,
 Like a fine old salt-sea scavenger, like a tarry Buccaneer.

—From *"The Tarry Buccaneer"* by John Masefield.
 By permission of the Macmillan Company, Publishers.

The Teacher's Guide

BY RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON

The September News in the School

Materials for You

HAVE you received all of your Junior Red Cross materials? For your room membership you are entitled to:

The new poster, portraying a Junior Red Cross Council at work

A membership roll, on which is printed the pledge

A Decennial Certificate, whenever your school has completed ten years' continuous enrollment in the Junior Red Cross

The CALENDAR of Service Activities

The JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS. In the report of activities in the Monroe School, Toledo, Ohio, partly quoted on page three of this TEACHER'S GUIDE, was this description of classroom use of the JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS:

"The fifth and sixth grades had a broadcasting hour; a paper microphone which is used each week for current events lessons was on the desk. A boy gave the station letters and the children told about the doings of the world, the stories having been taken from the NEWS. . . . All the teachers told me how much they enjoyed the NEWS and how the children could scarcely wait to get the next copy. It is used in every class."

The Classroom Index

You will find in this issue materials of value in a variety of classes. You will especially like a new emphasis on doing, in such features as "A Chance for Artists;" "Something of Your Very Selves;" "One Junior to Another;" and "Something to Read," which stimulates the finding of one's own books, and may be used as a model in writing one's own reviews.

Astronomy:

"The Inventor of Chariots." For further help in identifying Capella consult the map and appendix of Sir James Jeans' *The Stars in Their Courses*, reviewed below.

Drawing:

"A Chance for Artists"—an important announcement of an international Junior Red Cross poster contest.

Citizenship:

"One Junior to Another;" "Our Friends Abroad;" Editorial; "Something of Your Very Selves."

English:

"Something to Read;" "The Pirate;" stories and articles.

Geography and History:

Chile—Poetically told because its author is a poet, "The Son of the Animals" is a useful story for its information about Chile and ways of living there and also for what it implies concerning the value and cleverness of animal friends. "An Old Quarrel Settled" (editorial page).

Panama—"The Golden Road" brings us description, history, and that subtle atmosphere which Miss Upjohn is particularly gifted in reproducing.

United States—Virginia—"The Royal Glory of Williamsburg." This tale of old Virginia may take on special interest in connection with the Yorktown Sesquicentennial celebration, October 19.

The Virgin Islands—"Some Island Neighbors," including Miss Upjohn's story of the CALENDAR picture, will renew interest in school correspondence. Notice the opportunity to purchase handwork of girls of the French Colony Club.

In connection with school correspondence, please remember also that every album should have somewhere on it the emblem of the Red Cross and that a letter of greeting should tell some of the interesting facts about the Junior Red Cross service program of the school that prepares the album.

Primary Grades:

Many items in the magazine can be adapted by the teacher for the understanding of young pupils. Of easiest interest this time are the ferocious looking buccaneer of the frontispiece, the poems, and the stories "The Golden Road," and "Son of the Animals."

Book Reviews

This year, reviews of children's books will be given directly to them, in a regular department of the JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS.

Books reviewed in THE TEACHER'S GUIDE will be selected for their value to teachers, sometimes as classroom reference material; oftener, because of their interest to teachers as "people."

THE STARS IN THEIR COURSES. By Sir James Jeans. The Macmillan Company, New York, 1931. \$2.50.

This readable book of the stars begins with the familiar, and leads the mind venturesome distances—reasons for near-at-hand wonders like the blueness of the sky and pinkness of sunsets; cryptic messages brought us from afar by meteorites; the journey of the moon that revolves around us, and of our brothers and sisters who like us journey around the sun; the vaster journeying of our comparatively small family, all huddling close to our parent sun as we circle lonesomely through measurable (though incomprehensible) spaces of this universe; other universes remotely visible beyond our own—this is the stuff of a fairy tale.

There is some comfort for an individual who feels himself a stay-at-home in knowing that every six months he journeys, on his earth, 186,000,000 miles from one side of the sun to the other. For one who has been disturbed by rumors of an exploding universe there is reassurance in the prophecy "We are in all probability at the very beginning of the life of our race; we are still only at the dawn of a day of almost unthinkable length." And for one crushed by a sense of diminishing ego when he measures his unimportance against these infinitudes, there is this balm: "Every body pulls every other body toward it, no matter how distant it may be. . . . We cannot move a finger without disturbing all the stars."

That a scientist can become a "popular" author is partly due, we hope, to the widening success of education; perhaps, also to the more success-

(Continued on page 4)

Developing Calendar Activities for September

A Classroom Index of CALENDAR Activities

Citizenship:

Study of local opportunities for service; adoption of a Veterans' Hospital or a ward in a Veterans' Hospital (not available for pupils below the Fifth Grade); helping with Red Cross Roll Call; friendly service for the blind (see announcement on page 4 of this *TEACHER'S GUIDE*); preparedness to help in disaster relief; making friends with American citizens recently come from other countries.

English—Reading and Composition:

Reviewing new books on other countries (watch reviews in the *JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS*); reporting on *JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS* stories and articles.

Geography:

Preparation of School Correspondence, intersectional and international; partnerships with Indian Schools; sending Christmas boxes abroad; study of *JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS*; helping with National Children's Fund.

Health:

See *CALENDAR* section, "Health of Mind and Body" and page 4 of this *TEACHER'S GUIDE*.

Primary Grades:

Service for children's homes and homes for old people; intersectional school correspondence; filling Christmas boxes to be sent abroad; preparation of several pages for International School Correspondence albums made by higher grades.

Filling Christmas Boxes

Suggestions for gifts appropriate for Christmas boxes include:

Sets of miniature toilet equipment such as unbroken packages of soap, tooth paste, talcum powder, toy wash basins

Initialed wash cloths and towels in hand-made waterproof containers like those used in traveling

Sets of attractive school supplies like bright colored pencils, eversharps, pen holders and points, fountain pen, crayons, ruby pencil erasers, round ink erasers, centimeter ruler, arranged in a practical box

Little memorandum books, diaries, calendars

Toy padlocks or other patent locks

Small flashlights

Sewing outfits with such things as needle books, pin books, chamois-skin needle holders, miniature work baskets outfitted with colored thread, patent darners, needle threaders, stamped embroidery sets or calico cats, dogs and dolls

Collar and cuff sets, handkerchiefs, aprons, caps, hand-made bead bracelets or necklaces, new neckties

Tiny balsam cushions in pretty covers

Playthings like little dolls with one or two changes of costume, wooden or wicker doll furniture, papoose in carrier, miniature canoes, tiny handwoven baskets, doll-house rug, animal beanbags, puzzles that present no language difficulties, stencil sets, pocket knives, dominoes, tiddledy winks, jacks, miniature baseball bat, miniature gardening implements or cooking utensils.

What Age, Social Ideals?

A rich variety of service is open to younger children. Opportunities are listed on the *CALENDAR* pages under the items for "Young Members" and are outlined on this page under "Primary Grades." Practical use of these opportunities by teachers, is admirably illustrated in two reports on page three of this issue of *THE TEACHER'S GUIDE*.

To say that young children have no experience in conscious service of others, because they are not mature enough to understand the need of service in the world, or skilled enough to take an effectual part, is as far-fetched as to say that they must have no conscious experience in creative drawing or creative writing, because they are not experienced in knowledge of classic art

or skilled in technical mastery. The same imagination that leads little children to create almost uncanny beauty out of their tiny experience leads them likewise to create a spiritual beauty of sympathy that may extend beyond their little province of life to those in need of their love even in distant places. Just as an instinctive ease that can hardly be regained is lost, through early neglect or repression of the impulse to creative art, so the social and unselfish outlook is often dulled, if practice in social activity is withheld till the early readiness for it is gone.

Service in Which Intellect Has Part

Should the social ideal remain unconscious? To cultivate a conscious ideal of making one's drawing as expressive as possible, of making one's music as moving as possible, of seeking accuracy in one's mathematics and enlightenment in one's reading, may, of course, make a child into an artistic or intellectual prig instead of an aesthete or a scholar. But rightly guided, extension of experience in the world's great art and cultivation of the ideal of honest scholarship tend to humility. The earlier the experience begins, and the more wisely it is guided, the more swiftly will the individual arrive at real learning rather than at conceit of half-knowledge or merely superficial skill.

So in social ideals, a youngster who spends the first ten or twenty years of his life carefully nursed in the illusion that the earth is run for his happiness can scarcely be blamed for an unsocial outlook. He should be spared crude or cruel shocks, but prolonged ignorance of life as it is may later prove the greatest cruelty. As situations can be brought to him naturally, it does only good for him to learn that there are other children less well clothed, or handicapped physically or by environment; that there are old people who do not have health, work, and personal possessions to make them completely happy; that there are grown men who have been left maimed and handicapped because of patriotic duty. To learn that all's not right with the world and to learn, at the same time, that unhappiness can be somewhat mitigated, constitute an intellectual experience of a practical nature.

In a world not quite as any of us would like it to be, it does children no harm to seek, with their minds as well as their ready hearts, to "serve" others. To be helpful unconsciously, and to someone we like, who is familiarly close at hand, is one part of experience. A broader experience is the conscious ideal of helpfulness to as many as possible, including some whom we have no personal reason for liking, and others who are distant from and unknown to us. By development of such a social conscience progress in democracy can be hastened. Extended still further, the conscious ideal of understanding, respecting, and exhibiting fair play towards those of other nationalities, or races, will help make possible world-wide tolerance. These are intellectual experiences but they are also life experiences in the highest sense. They are real; but there is no phase of life or reality in which the intellect should not function.

The Junior Red Cross and Primary Grades

Monroe School, Toledo, Ohio

IN THE Monroe School of Toledo, Ohio, Junior Red Cross service has provided the motive for a variety of school activities. Miss Maude Lewis of National Headquarters, who was a visitor there last spring, reported the following interesting projects under way in the primary grades:

"The teacher asked the kindergarten tots to tell some of the things they had done as Junior Red Cross service. They told of fudge they had made, what they had used in it, and how it had been stirred. After it was finished it was put in decorated boxes and taken out to the ladies in the home for the aged. They showed some table scarfs they were making for these same old ladies. They were made of unbleached cotton, hemmed with running stitches in black; each one had a design which the children had made of crayons. Miss Monroe asked them to tell what was most necessary to remember when making a design. One small child spoke up and said, 'We have visited the Art Museum and have learned that *balance* is the most important thing to remember when making designs.' When the scarfs were finished they were to be taken out to the old ladies by a committee appointed in this room.

"Our next visit was to the first grade where we found the children making Easter baskets to be filled with painted eggs for these same old ladies. On the bulletin board were English lessons using Junior Red Cross as the theme.

"The children in the second grade gave a Junior Red Cross program, telling what they had done in service, and how they used the magazine for stories in English, and in art work.

"The third grade had a Junior Red Cross Club meeting and the fourth grade were dramatizing one of the stories in the magazine. The story was read by one child and as she read it, it was acted out in pantomime. The teacher told me that this was done each month in that class when the magazine arrived."

The Bradford Home School, Chevy Chase, Maryland

The way in which seasonal interests may be unified around the service motive is shown in a bulletin of the Bradford Home School, a progressive private school for children from the nursery age through the fourth grade.

"Miss Henderson from the Red Cross came and talked to us at our assembly one morning. She told us all about Red Cross—what it really means and what members of Junior Red Cross all over the world are doing to help others and to make them happy.

"The children decided to join the Junior Red Cross so that they might share in the work of making others happy. The approaching Christmas season offered us an excellent opportunity to show in a definite way the spirit of Red Cross. The children wanted to make this Christmas a Red Cross one.

"At assembly, plans were developed for our work here at school. It was decided that we help make children in the hospital happy at Christmas time. They also decided that they could make some old people happy; and further that they could make other people in hospitals happy.

"The kindergarten children began making rag dolls and cats, picture books, toys of cardboard, and stockings which they filled. The first grade decided to make a Noah's Ark, putting in two of each kind of animal. When they found they had more than enough time for that, they made wreaths for the windows at the Old Ladies' Home.

"The choice of the second grade was a doll's house. Two orange crates served as rooms but there were no windows or doors. The walls had to be painted or

papered, furniture had to be made. All these problems were worked out by the children and as a result a little sick girl had a lovely doll's house Christmas morning. The third and fourth grades were very busy mending and painting toys which all the children brought. They also made a puppet show and made the scenery and worked out the story and characters themselves.

"We found some ash trays that were made last year and asked the children what we might do with them. Immediately they thought of the men at Walter Reed Hospital. However, since Mt. Alto Hospital is nearer to our school, we decided to send them there. The children in the Nursery School made match boxes to go with the ash trays.

"At another assembly the children decided that it was possible to make people happy in other ways than giving gifts. Plans were made to visit the Methodist Home on Connecticut Avenue and sing our Christmas songs for the old people there. Some of the girls made cookies and candy to carry to these people and the kindergarten children painted some boxes to put them in.

"Thursday morning all the children went to the Methodist Home on Connecticut Avenue to sing their carols. The old people enjoyed seeing their bright faces and hearing some of the same songs that they sang when they were children. Because some of the old people were not able to come downstairs to hear the songs the children went upstairs and sang in the corridors.

"When the question of entertaining parents on Friday morning came up the children thought they would like to show in dramatization just what they had done for Christmas. One side of the assembly room was the hospital and some of the children played the parts of sick children. The matron hung their stockings by the fireplace on Christmas Eve and the little ones went to sleep on their little beds. While all was quiet Old Santa came and filled their stockings and left some toys. Then the next morning how delighted they were when the doctor came and told them that some of them might get up and the others might sit up. As a surprise the rest of the children came to bring the gifts they had made at the Bradford Home School. The little sick children were happy to get the toys and to hear the Christmas songs the school children sang for them. The climax was the puppet show given by the third and fourth grade children. Squeals of delight came from both sick and well children as the dolls acted out a little Christmas story on the miniature stage.

"We feel that this year more than ever before the children have a true spirit of the real Christmas. One little girl told her mother that she was much happier when she went to sleep this Christmas Eve because she had helped to make other people happy."

Your children are not your children. They are the sons and daughters of life's longing for itself.

You may give them your love but not your thoughts,

For they have their own thoughts.

You may house their bodies but not their souls,

For their souls dwell in the house of tomorrow, which you cannot visit, not even in your dreams.

You may strive to be like them, but seek not to make them like you.

—Kahlil Gibran, *The Prophet*.

Fitness for Service for September

Health of Mind and Body

THE phrases used as titles for the three sections of the CALENDAR are quoted this year from the Junior Red Cross pledge of service. The third section under the title "Health of Mind and Body to Fit Us For Better Service" carries the usual emphasis, fitness for the sake of service. Because the division used last year emphasizing a four-fold responsibility (personal, community, national, and world) proved popular, it has been retained this year.

As in the past, one or two particular points of health are stressed each month. There is also a general theme running through the whole ten pages. This is an emphasis on "preventive medicine" used in the broadest sense of the term. It includes preventive medical care such as the correction of defects and overcoming of physical handicaps and also the accepted health practices to build positive health.

Details of the month by month activities were worked out this year in collaboration with the Public Health Nursing Service and other health services of the American Red Cross.

HEALTH HORIZONS. Compiled by Broadhurst and Lerrigo. Silver, Burdett & Co., 1931. \$3.00.

As a memorial to Emma Dolfinger, who at the time of her death was Director of Health Education of the American Child Health Association, a committee has prepared this new text on health, for the use of teachers and health leaders. Its scope is indicated in the chapter titles: Air and Ventilation; Body Control: Games and Exercises; Child Welfare; Clothing; Disease Control; Communicable Diseases; Non-Communicable Diseases; Food and Nutrition; Health Economics; Heredity and Eugenics; Home Hygiene; Industrial and Occupational Health; Insects and Health; Law and Health; Light and Health; Medical and Scientific Progress; Mental Health; Personal Hygiene; Professional Health Services; Safety and First Aid; Sewage and Garbage Disposal; Vital Statistics; and Water.

It is thus a comprehensive handbook to guide in health teaching. A bibliography of books used in compiling the information makes it possible to extend study on any problems and supplies sources of up-to-date material.

Of especial value to nurses and teachers in interesting children are the sections in each chapter describing historical backgrounds such as the "Games of Colonial Boys and Girls," "Sports Windows in Cathedrals," "A School Boy's Meals in Queen Elizabeth's Time," "A Philadelphia Dinner in John Adams' Time," and "Hard Times for the Medieval Physician." One chapter describes the history of child welfare movements and the work of the Children's Bureau of the United States today.

Binding Brailled Stories for Blind Friends

Through the generosity of the Madison, New Jersey, Chapter of the American Red Cross and of Mrs. C. D. Watson, and other volunteer helpers, an attractive new service project has been opened for Juniors this year. Mrs. Watson, who developed the special duplicating system used in printing Miss Upjohn's book, and who did all the work of transcribing and printing *Friends In Strange Garments*, as volunteer service, now has ready

the plates for a number of graded short stories for children, which she and her colleagues wish to print and give as individual gifts to children in schools for the blind. The little books will be about six by ten inches and the paper for the Brailing will be furnished, so long as the budget holds out, by the Madison, New Jersey, Chapter.

The work that Junior Red Cross members have an opportunity to do is to provide the bindings. These may be similar to the covers used for school correspondence albums. They may be of the colored cardboard which is known as "Cover Stock for Pamphlets," or of paper muslin used in making children's scrapbooks or any other durable material that will protect the Brailled pages. Whatever the material, it should preferably be something colorful and pretty, both because some of the children have enough sight to be aware of color and because, even to the completely blind, a description of the color will give pleasure. Ingenuity in designing original covers is desirable. The covers should be fastened with colored ties of some sort. Rings or brads should never be used.

In order that these gifts may be distributed evenly it will be necessary for all groups of Junior Red Cross members to receive their assignments from National or Branch Headquarters offices. If your Juniors wish to have a part in this please have your Junior Red Cross Chairman write for an assignment of a school and state how many of the stories your group wishes to bind. A friendly letter should be sent the School for the Blind by your Juniors, at the time the books are forwarded.

(Continued from page 1)

ful education of scientists themselves. For there is a wider reading public able to understand Sir James Jeans; and today's scientists are also happily able to make themselves understood. The result is doubly blessed.

There are, to be sure, even in this book based on popular radio talks, points where the lay reader is beyond his depth of easy comprehension. But one cannot stop reading on that account; the subject is too fascinating and its presentation too impelling. The fact that one is teased into going back to study over the difficult parts, to argue oneself deeper into the puzzling questions, to arrive at agreement or open rebellion against conclusions—this makes the book not only good enough to read, but too good to stop reading for a long time. A teacher may find tales of magic in it, to answer those large queries with which she is beset by younger friends.

FOLK TALES OF ALL NATIONS. Edited by F. H. Lee. Coward-McCann Company, New York, 1930. \$3.00.

Crowded out of review space last year, this nine-hundred-page collection of folk stories is fortunately one that should become increasingly a necessity of every classroom library. Countries, ancient and modern, are included among those from which the tales are drawn. The selection is praiseworthy not only because of the interest of the material itself but because of the literary simplicity of its telling. Each group is preceded by a brief interpretative introduction. Because of its comprehensive size, and the fact that it is not illustrated, the book is not one that the mythical average child will read from cover to cover. Sent to it by a teacher, however, to find a good story for oral English, or supplementary material for his study of some nation or race, he will find it a well of entertainment and knowledge. For the teacher's own benefit, a comparative study of folklore, information of sources of old tales, and a broadening understanding of the peoples of the earth are promised.



The bridge where the Golden Road began

The Golden Road

ANNA MILO UPJOHN

Illustrations by the Author

LITTLE Spanish donkeys plodded over the Golden Road. They were tasseled and belled as at home, and there was a continual jingle and jangle as they shook off the flies. But they had never known such heat on the plains of Spain. Nor had their burdens of oil and wine equaled in weight the King's gold which they were now carrying across the Isthmus of Panama.

Among the beasts of burden there was a small Spanish horse named Nito. He wore a red woven band with tassels across his forehead and bells fastened to his harness. Nito would have been glad to make friends with his Indian driver, but the man feared him too much for that. The natives had never seen horses or donkeys before the Spaniards brought them to the New World. They could not understand their knowingness, so like that of men. If a donkey so much as brayed for homesickness, the drivers plunged into the jungle.

In Nito's time the Golden Road across the Isthmus was already a hundred years old. It was a good road, paved with stone and wide enough for two carts to pass. Thousands of men had hewn it out of the jungle, working up to their waists in steaming mud, cutting trees, filling the hollows, draining the swamps and finally bringing the stone from a great distance. The forest

was hung with a snarl of vines alive with snakes; parrots screamed overhead; orchids smothered the trees. The air was full of stinging insects; spiders swung from the foliage. The men had no pure water to drink or even in which to bathe, because the pools were filled with crocodiles. Thousands had died of thirst and fever.

And now donkeys had clicked over the road for a century and more, and there was a fine city at each end of it. Sometimes the road was called the Cruces Trail because where it crossed the Chagres River there was a fort called Cruces (Crossing.) On the Atlantic side was the city of Porto Bello (beautiful harbor) which was strongly fortified against pirates.

On the Pacific side was Panama (many fishes), more beautiful but less fortified because its inhabitants felt safe from sea robbers. Panama's houses were built of stone and sweet-smelling cedar and furnished with luxury. There were eight monasteries, a hospital, and a great church whose golden altar alone was worth a million dollars. The city was known as Panama the Golden, the Key of the Pacific. Not only the riches of Peru came to its harbor, but strange looking vessels laden with spices and pearls, silks and ivory, weighed anchor from China and India and the Isles of the South. Watch towers, warehouses, inns for traders, stables for pack animals,

became necessary. The city grew so rich that all the wicked pirates of the Atlantic itched to lay hands on it.

On the road Nito often heard talk about these sea robbers, especially of their leader, John Morgan. He was the worst kind of a bad man, it seemed, and was threatening to attack Porto Bello from the sea in order to capture the King's treasure stored there. The dark, sweating men who drove the carts agreed that this would be impossible, but there might be stiff fighting. Nito hated the gold. It was a dead weight on your back and you could not eat it. He wished Morgan would come and carry it all off, so that a tired horse could live in peace, munching bananas and dozing under the palm trees. Which of course was only horse sense.

Nito enjoyed the time of waiting in Panama and was always sorry to see the wings of a vessel tacking into the harbor. For that meant a journey along the Golden Road with a heavy burden on his back. He lived in the King's stables in Panama, which were of stone, large and cool, and so dark that the flies did not bother him. There was plenty to eat, and a nice Indian boy brought him water and dried grass from the savannahs for bedding. Manola lived in a palm hut by the bridge, but he was a fisher boy spending most of his time in a canoe on the bay. Before Nito started on the long trail Manola always took him to a pool below the bridge and let him drink his fill. The boy did not fear the horse, because Nito had come as a colt from Spain, and the two had grown up together.

One day, as a caravan neared Porto Bello, a mob of terrified people came fleeing from the city, and in the distance guns boomed from the sea. The pirates had come! They were burning the town! The King's treasure had been carried aboard their ships! There was a quick face-about, and the caravan joined the refugees. Pell mell they all raced back to Panama with terrible tales of the greed and cruelty of Morgan and his pirate band.

Morgan sent a message to the governor of Panama saying that within a year he would be

in that city. Then he sailed away to Cuba to enjoy his victory, and to bury such part of the loot as he could not use. The people of Panama were badly frightened, but the governor thought best to put on a bold front. He sent Morgan a naked sword saying that the pirate need not think he could handle Panama as he had Porto Bello. The buccaneer kept the sword and replied that he would come for the scabbard later.

A year passed and all was quiet. Porto Bello was rebuilt and trade went on. People forgot their fears, and Panama remained without walls of defense. Then again a band of wild-eyed country people came flooding into the city. The pirates were on their way, coming, not over the Golden Road, but in their ships up the Chagres River and then blazing a trail through the jungle with fire and sword.

The town was paralyzed. It was too late to build walls. The terrified people tried to believe that Morgan's men would perish in the jungle that lay between them and

Panama. Yet had anything ever stopped Morgan?

All ships in the harbor were hastily commandeered and loaded with treasure to be carried to Taboga, an uninhabited island near the coast. The church and the monasteries were stripped, the golden altar was painted over to disguise it; the King's storehouse was emptied. People crowded into the vessels until they were perilously full, and those left behind were armed.

During those days Nito heard much outside commotion, but it did not concern him. He was fed, and was glad of the rest in his stall. But one day there came wild running in the streets, doors crashing in, the tramp of soldiers, the crackling of flames. A red flare flickered through the stable's narrow window. The air was dense with smoke and split by curses. The robbers had overpowered the soldiers and were sacking the city in their search for gold. Not finding as much as they had expected, they fired the houses.

Nito heard someone cry out, "Save the pack mules; we shall need them!" The animals were blindfolded and led out, terror-stricken, toward the bridge. They were well treated by the pi-



The tower of the old church in which stood the golden altar

rates, for much depended on them. They were laden as never before with the loot of the plundered city. Sweating and straining, the poor beasts were driven over the rough jungle trail to the spot where the pirate boats were anchored. Before embarking, the robbers tried to divide the spoils and quickly came to blows. Morgan slipped away in the night with the better part of the booty, and, fearing his men might follow and overpower him, he hid it in lonely islands of the Caribbean.

Nito, a free horse at last, kicked up his heels and galloped back to his pleasant stable. Later on Manola, too, returned to Panama. It was no longer the golden city, but lay ruined and deserted. The world was shocked at the news of its destruction, and a cry went up that piracy must come to an end. Perhaps because no one dared fight against Morgan, he was made head of a fleet to put down the outlaws of the sea!

The King of Spain decreed that a new city should be built on a safer site, and land was

given to any who agreed to build a house within three months. People came back to Old Panama, as the golden city now was called, only to search among the ruins. They took down the altar which the pirates had not suspected of being gold, and transplanted it to the church being built in the new city, where you can see it today. You can also walk on those mighty walls, sixty feet wide, into whose building went a shipload of Inca gold.

As new Panama sprang into being, the jungle came creeping up to the fallen city. There were two old settlers who refused to leave it—Manola, rocking in his canoe on the bay of many fishes, and Nito, grazing in its grass-grown streets.

There is much of the once glorious place still to be seen: the church tower, the King's stables, the bridge where the Golden Road began and over which Morgan and his raiders thundered. But gradually Old Panama became a city of dreams with a thousand legends of its buried treasures floating through the Caribbean.

The Inventor of Chariots

FLORENCE M. GILLET

LONG AGO, when there were no vehicles with wheels, there lived a man who felt the lack most keenly, for he was lame. Perhaps it was this deformity that developed his interest in the fastest means of traveling then known—horses. He became a horse trainer and soon he was famous because his steeds were the swiftest in the land.

In his desire to improve transportation he invented the chariot. This so pleased the gods that upon his death they placed him in the sky. And there we may see him any clear night except in summer. He is Auriga, the Charioteer.

This important person whose story concerns horses and chariots happens to be placed most appropriately in the highway of the gods, the Milky Way. The ancients pictured him with a bridle in his right hand while his left arm supported a goat and kids, represented by Capella and three faint stars



Auriga in September

nearby. Capella means the Little She-Goat.

Auriga was one of the first constellations to be given a name, and, since much of the star gazing in those far-away days was done by shepherds, it is only natural that they imagined their charges having a place in the only picture book they possessed, the sky.

Though most of the constellation of Auriga lies below the northern horizon during the summer months, Capella can be seen at some time every clear night in the year. During January you must look for it overhead, but in September you can find it more comfortably, for Capella is then the brightest star in the northeast.

Capella gives more than a hundred times as much light as our own sun. The light we see left the star about fifty years ago. Every second Capella travels twenty miles away from us, but you and I will never notice the difference.

UNROLLED like a ribbon along the southwesterly coast of South America lies Chile. If it were stretched out along our own western shore, it would reach from Sitka, Alaska, to a point halfway down the Mexican coast. But on account of its thinness, there is not much land there, after all: only about twice as much as in the State of California.

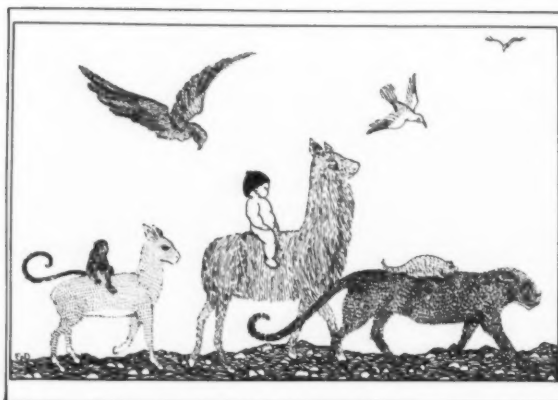
On one side of Chile are the great Andes Mountains, and on the other is the Pacific Ocean.

Near the great city of Santiago de Chile is the *hacienda* of Don Luis Palacios Hurtado, who has a little son named Luis. On the big *hacienda* there are acres and acres of land, with lanes of poplar trees marking off the fields, and double rows of poplars where the irrigation ditches are.

Many tenants work the land "on shares" for Luis's father. He gives them seeds and land and a little money, and they give him most of the crop.

Besides his father, Luis has a lovely mother and a sister, Inez, and two brothers, Ricardo and Tomas, and his dear Grandmother Dolores. Nana Chona is his old Indian nurse who tells him countless tales under the starry skies of far-far-away Chile.

On the eighteenth of September Luis and his family were in Santiago, and he was so excited he hardly knew what to do. He called the day the *Dieciocho* (Dee-ess-ee-oh-cho), which means the Eighteenth—just as we call our Independence Day "the Fourth." For several days decorators had been busy along the streets, hanging out flags and festoons and streams of red and white and blue, the national colors. Chile's flag has two wide stripes, a white stripe above a red one. In the upper inside corner of the flag is a square blue field, upon which is a single large white star.



The animals brought the baby up with much love

Son of the Animals

IDELLA PURNELL

Illustrations by Frances Purnell Dehlsen

It was a glorious spring day. Luis had been awakened early in the morning by gun salvos and church bells. He dressed in his best suit, because everyone was going to the big cathedral at the Plaza de Armas park.

After church, he and his brothers and his sister and his father stood on a downtown corner

and watched the parade go by. The President was in it, and the army and the navy and the finest of bands. They marched to the statues of all of the Chilean heroes of the Revolution, to put flowers and wreaths there. And everywhere the Chilean national anthem, "Sweet Country," was played and sung.

After the parade, the Hurtados went home for luncheon, which in Chile is called *almuerzo*. They had *cazuela* soup, made of vegetables and chicken; and *puchero*, a stew of meat and vegetables; and potatoes in a delicious sauce, and asparagus, and a lettuce and tomato salad. Then they had *postre*, a dessert of sweet rice pudding; and *dulces*, or candies, made of candied sweet potato and candied pumpkin. Last of all they had a cupful of their good, hot, bitter-sweet *mate*.

In the afternoon and evening, they all went out for a ride, and then to the theater to see a play. There were speeches, and at the end of the evening everyone sang "Sweet Country" again.

After the theater came another ride in the car, and then they went home to eat a big dinner, late in the evening.

It was a tired little boy who was tucked into his bed by Nana Chona! Luis was thinking that in a few days the family would leave Santiago de Chile and go back to the *hacienda*. He wondered if his pony felt lonesome for him.

His eyes were nearly shut, but he was not too sleepy to ask for a story.

"What!" Nana Chona cried in surprise. "Haven't you had enough for one day?"

"Oh, Nana Chona, you know I never have enough unless I have a story, too!" Luis replied.

Nana Chona laughed, and sat down in the low chair by his bed.

"I'll tell you the story of the son of the animals," she said.

Ask to learn, listen to know,

Keep open your eye wherever you go.

Once, long ago, there was much fighting in Chile. A poor Indian woman, wanting to escape from the soldiers, ran with her tiny baby son up into the foothills of the Andes. While she was in the hills there came a big rain, flooding the rivers. Everything was carried away by the waters. To save her little baby the mother tied him to a *coihue* (coh-ee-weh) tree that was being carried down by the mountain torrents. She held on to it, too, for a while; but soon she was separated from it, and lost her baby.

The baby, tied to the *coihue* tree, floated along safely until it came to a place where there were many animals. They saw the baby and took it to their cave, and there they called a council.

All of the animals came: the lions, the tigers, the foxes, the long-necked guanacos (*wah-nah-cohs*) that are cousins to the llama and the camel, and the little shy deer called *huemules* (weh-moo-lehs), and the tiny creatures, like the spiders and the ants and the flies. All of the birds came, also: the little ones and the big ones.

The animals wondered what to do with the baby. They talked and they talked. Finally the lion spoke.

"Because they are afraid of us, people think we are evil. But, just to show that we can be good, let us adopt this baby for our own, and bring him up ourselves."

Then the birds and animals and insects flapped their wings and bellowed and howled and stamped and buzzed for joy. So they fed the baby and kept him warm and brought him up with much love. He learned the speech of all of his kind friends and grew into a tall, brave young man.

When he was about twenty years old, he said,

"Over the world I want to go,
To do and have, to be and know."

And the lion said to him,

"He goes far whose desire is great
If he does not tire before too late."

And the animals decided to let him go, that he might learn something of the world of men.

But first they all gave him gifts. The lion, the tiger, the roving, dappled *huanaco* and the fleet *huemul* each gave him a hair. Each bird gave him a feather. The spider gave him a little thread of silk, and the fly and the gnat and the mosquito each give him a tiny piece of wing.

Then they said to him, "When you are in trouble, if you will kiss one of the gifts we have given you, you will take the form of the one who gave it."

The little ant said she wanted to go with him, so she sat on top of his head, and away they went. The birds flew with them, too, for a way.

After a while he came to a cave in the mountain in front of which stood a ferocious animal. The monster's mouth was big enough to swallow the young man at a single bite.

The young man opened the little case made of leaves in which he had put his gifts. He took out a bit of wing that his good friend Mosquito had given him. He kissed it, and at once he was a mosquito. He flew straight to the nose of the guardian of the cave, and bit him. The monster began to howl and claw at his nose and roll on the ground. He rolled and tumbled and scrambled around so much that he rolled right off a high cliff near the cave—and that was the end of him!

The mosquito flew out of the monster's nose and cried, "Now I want to be a man!"

At once he became a young man again. He cut off the monster's ugly head, and went up the mountain again to find his friend the ant, who was waiting for him, and together they walked on.

When they reached the sea, they were very hungry. The young man took a *gaviota* feather from his little case, and kissed it. Then he flew out over the water and swooped down on a fish. He took the fish to the shore, changed himself back into a young man, and began preparing the evening meal.

After a fine fish dinner, he made himself a shining helmet out of the skin of the fish.

The next day he saw a high mountain with smoke coming out of its top. It was the home of a bad *cherruve*, who killed everyone who came near him. The mountain was in the midst of a wild and lonely region, rocky and barren. The young man saw no animals at all there except a little lizard.

Said the lizard,

"Beware! Beware! No farther dare.
This is the Black *Cherruve's* lair.

Have you not heard of the Black *Cherruve*? At sunset you can see him, standing on top of the

mountain, tall and thin and very black, with a red light on him. But as evening comes on, he often grows smaller and smaller and at last goes down into his home, in the volcano. But you must go away, for he kills everyone who visits him."

"Well," said the young man, "we shall see." And he went up the side of the volcano.

The *cherruve* rushed out, with smoke and flames and red-hot rocks flying from his wide-open mouth. He leaped at his caller, but the young man was too quick for him! He kissed the little cobweb the spider had given him, and became a spider, hanging from the top of the cave by a silken thread. He landed on the *cherruve's* neck and ran quickly up into his ear. He crawled far inside and began biting the *cherruve's* brain. He bit and bit until the *cherruve* died! Then the spider crawled out of the *cherruve's* ear and said, "Now I want to be a man!"

At once he became himself again, and put the cobweb back into his little case. He went into the *cherruve's* house. There he found a beautiful maiden, bound with heavy ropes.

"What's the name of that animal?" whispered the young man to his friend the ant, who was now riding on his shoulder.

"Woman," answered the ant. "She is being at once very good and very bad, for she gives those who have anything to do with her much happiness and much sorrow."

"Well, well," answered the young man. "Nevertheless, I want to take her with me."

She was asleep, and tears glimmered on her beautiful face. The young man did not want to frighten her, so turned himself into a grey dove. Then he began to coo gently to her, and he brushed her cheek with the tip of his wing to awaken her.

The beautiful young woman awoke and saw him.

"O little dove," she said, "why did you awaken me? I was dreaming of my mother and

my brothers and I was very happy. And now I am awake and very unhappy, for I remember that I am to be killed by the *cherruve*. My father gave me to him in exchange for the tied-up water for his lands, but the *cherruve*, after he got me, kept the water and now is going to kill me!"

The dove flew to the floor. "Now I want to be a man!" it said.

The beautiful girl was frightened when she saw the dove changed suddenly into a fine young man; but the young man told her not to be afraid, that he soon would take her home. He then unfastened the ropes that bound her to her chair, and asked her where the tied-up water was.

She told him the water was in a well, a great hole in the top of the mountain, right next to the hole out of which smoke came.

The youth climbed to that hole, and there

changed himself into a porcupine and rolled himself up into a ball, so that he could roll into the hole. At the bottom of the hole he saw the tied-up water, blocked on every side. So he untied it and set it free. Then, so it could escape from the mountain, he turned himself into a rat and gnawed a passage through the side of the mountain. The merry water escaped through the hole and ran down the side of the mountain to the valley, singing and laughing. And wherever it went in the barren valley, flowers and trees began to grow, and birds and animals came there, and made it a pleasant place.

The young man went back up the mountain and turned himself into a *huemul*, so that the young girl could ride down the mountain on his back.

As they journeyed down the mountain, they met two wicked robbers,

carrying sacks of silver they had stolen. The girl was frightened, but the young man changed himself into a lion, and ran after the two wicked men, roaring. They dropped their sacks of silver and were glad to get away with their lives.

The young man changed himself back into a *huemul*, and taking the girl and the bags of silver on his back, he went on.

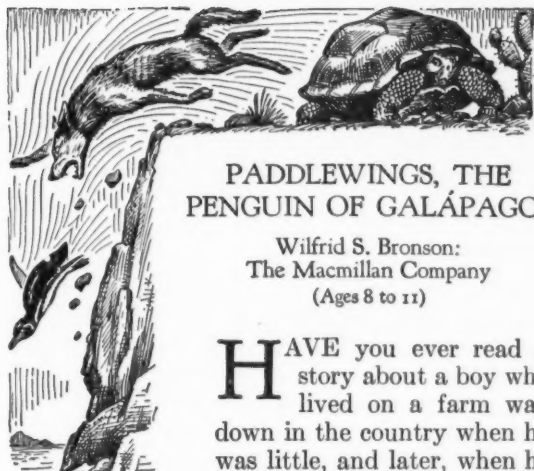
After the journey, they came to the *ruca* where the young woman's father lived. So they were married, and lived there many happy years, never forgetting their dear friends the animals, and especially the little ant.

This is the end of the tale blown away by the gale and carried into the sea, and now you tell a story to me!



"O little dove, why did you awaken me?"

Something to Read



PADDELEWINGS, THE PENGUIN OF GALÁPAGOS

Wilfrid S. Bronson:
The Macmillan Company
(Ages 8 to 11)

HAVE you ever read a story about a boy who lived on a farm way down in the country when he was little, and later, when he grew up, got rich and traveled all over the world? The story of Paddlewings is something like that, only Paddlewings was a bird that couldn't fly, not a boy. Just the same, from being just one of a great many penguins on a desert island called Galápagos, he became a great traveler, and finally went all the way to New York City, where he lives in a very fine house called the Aquarium. If you are ever in New York you can go to see him there.

But the book goes back before Paddlewings, and tells how both he and his island came to be. The island began a great while ago as a volcano on the floor of the sea where it is very deep, off the coast of South America; the volcano spit up and spit up through the water until finally it was two miles high, and then it reached the top of the sea, and became an island.

Paddlewings himself began even longer ago than the island. How long ago that was, no one can tell you, for we do not know when life first began. But the book about Paddlewings tells you a little of how the first tiny cell too small to see grew and developed and finally turned into an arctic bird that couldn't swim; and also how an arctic bird came to be living on an island at the equator. And it is all the truth, or as near the truth as the scientists have been able to get so far.

But the book is mostly about Paddlewings and his many adventures. He had to learn to swim and dive and catch fish and act like a penguin.

And when he had learned all that, a great water-spout came along and caught him up and whirled him round and round, and carried him a great distance off. So it was a long time before he got back to Galápagos. And after that the men came, and Paddlewings went to New York. All in all, he had a very exciting life.

If you like to know how things came to be as they are, and how animals live and what they do, I think you will like this book.

—JULIA CABLE WRIGHT

GREAT MOMENTS OF FREEDOM

Marion F. Lansing: Doubleday, Doran and Company
(Ages 12 to 14)

AN ENGLISH queen once said that the word Calais would be found written on her heart when she died. So precious was the possession of that city to her, and so great was her grief when the French took it. In this book the word "freedom" would have been the one written on the hearts of the famous men of whom Miss Marion Lansing has written so interestingly. "Great Moments in Freedom" has not a dull page in it.

The stories begin with the first thrilling discovery of how fire could be brought to life. Then we see one door after another being flung open by some man braver, wiser or more persevering than others of his generation.

We read of rich and poor, of kings and peasants, of those who fought with weapons to keep their beloved countries safe from tyrants, or those who faced imprisonment and death in defense of their beliefs.

The motives which inspired these great liberators were as different as the men themselves. James Hargreaves, for instance, was a weaver who was not content to go on in the same old slow way of producing thread. His impatience urged him at last into the discovery of a new and much quicker method of spinning. He did not get any great benefit himself, yet his discovery was of vast importance in freeing men from the slavery of hand-labor.

Very different types were John Bunyan and Martin Luther, who refused to give up their
(Continued on page 16)



Fishermen's houses along St. Thomas harbor

Some Island Neighbors

THE Virgin Islands became especially interesting after Mr. Hoover visited them this year and came back with a rather discouraging report of conditions down there. Then, too, this year marked the appointment of a civil governor, Governor Evans, who is to look after the affairs of the islands instead of an officer of the Navy, as in the past. Governor Evans has already made a start towards putting the islands on their feet. And one of his plans is to make them particularly attractive to winter tourists. They have a wonderful climate and so much sunshine that the three main islands of St. Croix, St. Thomas and St. John have the nickname of the "Three Sunny Saints." *

"Perhaps you would like to know something about our home," the pupils in the Ulysses Grant School on St. Thomas write for an album going to the Mainland. "We live in the far away southern tropics on a little island called St. Thomas. The sun shines hot every day in the year. There are hundreds of pretty palm trees and banana plants. We look out and can see ships going or coming. There are about eight thousand people on our island. There are ten churches in our town. Our people fish, coal ships, sell fruit and vegetables and make furniture for a living.

"Do you ever have visitors at your school? We do, and we like very much to have them come.

"There is one lady that comes very often to our school. She is the supervising principal; our teacher says she likes to have her come because she always helps in some way or other. Whenever we hear her car, we girls and boys act our prettiest. She is very nice to us. Teacher

says it is because she has a boy and two little girls of her own. She has a way of seeing only our nice side, and never the naughty side. My mother says she thinks she does

see us when we are fidgety during her visit, for only mothers know how hard it is for little, wide-awake girls and boys to sit perfectly still for any length of time. When I am grown-up I guess I'll be a supervising principal and make all the little girls and boys love me when I go to visit their school."

Older grades go to the Abraham Lincoln School. Stolemy Corbiers wrote this letter for an album from that school to a school in Indiana:

"My teacher told us that the sixth grade of your school would like to correspond with a sixth grade on St. Thomas. The lot fell to me to write the letter, so I am going to tell you something about my beautiful island home, St. Thomas, and the school which I attend.

"St. Thomas, though very small, is considered very beautiful by many tourists as well as by the St. Thomians themselves. The town of St. Thomas is built upon three hills. It has a fine harbor into which ships of many nations come. The streets are paved and are kept clean by the inhabitants. There are many large buildings, such as churches, schools, hotels, hospitals, and the Administration Building, the Post Office and the theater. Then we have our two old 'castles' and two big parks.

"There are some fine beaches here where picnics and bathing parties are often held. It is lovely there; the sand is so white and the shells are so pink and pretty.

"The natives of St. Thomas are very kind and courteous. They welcome strangers warmly, and are always willing to devote some of their time to showing them around the island. The St. Thomians are mostly farmers. They raise potatoes, peas, beans and all kinds of fruits and vegetables. A little fishing is also carried on. There is hardly any manufacturing except the

* See also "Letters from the Three Sunny Saints," JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS, October, 1927.

making of bay rum, which is made by mixing with alcohol the oil distilled from the leaves of the bay tree. The bay leaves are gathered by the natives of St. John. It takes one hundred and thirty pounds of leaves to make a quart of bay oil, which sells for about \$7. The natives of St. Thomas make many articles of wood, beads and straw which are exhibited and sold to tourists that visit our island.

"The largest of the schools is the Abraham Lincoln Public School, a three story building of twelve classrooms. In the sixth grade we are taught English, history, geography, physiology, music, arithmetic, penmanship, spelling, carpentry and agriculture. We have twelve teachers and a principal.

"At our school we are all Junior Red Cross members. At Christmas we received some very nice presents from the Juniors in America. Our school has just been supplied with a medicine chest. All the grades subscribed towards the purchase of it. The schools are visited daily by a Red Cross nurse."



A street scene in St. Thomas

Miss Upjohn painted the picture for the September page of the *CALENDAR* when she was in the Virgin Islands last year. She wrote about the picture:

"On the island of St. Thomas where Lucille and Margot live there is a French colony. Their grandparents moved over from the French island of St. Bartholomew about fifty years ago. The girls of the settlement have banded themselves into a club and largely through their efforts have built and furnished a charming little club house. It stands on the harbor, open to the sea breeze,

with oleanders in front and the little village scrambling up the hill behind.

"There are not many ways of earning money in St. Thomas, but the girls of the French Colony club use the grasses and palm leaves of the island to make a great variety of dainty baskets, pocketbooks, fans and mats. These are sold in the Red Cross Shop in St. Thomas down on the harbor where the steamers dock and also in many cities in the United States. If you wish articles for a Junior Red Cross bazaar, or dainty gifts for your friends, you can obtain them through the American Red Cross, St. Thomas, Virgin Islands. In this way you will not only bring a new note into your enterprise, but will also give a hand to a fine but struggling Junior Red Cross unit down in the 'windy quarter'—a quarter that is particularly appreciative of your Christmas boxes."

This account of the early history of the island came in an album sent by the Junior High School at Christiansted to the Grammar School at Chula Vista, California:

"On the second voyage of Columbus, in 1493, he saw many groups of islands and began scattering holy names among them. When he reached the last group before turning westward he disposed of the whole set by naming them 'The Virgins,' in honor of St. Ursula and the spotless band she led through Europe, to be slaughtered by the Huns. As he departed he gave separate names to St. Thomas and St. John, and in the distance saw a verdant island, which he named Holy Cross, or Santa Cruz.

"At one time the French held it, and Louis XIV gave it to the Knights of Malta. They renamed the island St. Croix and kept it until the year 1733. King Christian of Denmark, which now owned St. Thomas and St. Johns, wished to extend the power of the Danish West Indies, and purchased it from France for \$150,000. At that time

the place was a wilderness. At last in 1735 the king managed to send over some colonials to set orders and rules, together with some clerks, soldiers and a few slaves.

"Government House at Christiansted was the place where the Danish governors lived. Long ago when a new governor came the people welcomed him by singing and dancing for him and sometimes making songs about him. Then the governor would give a feast and every old person got meat, drink and forty cents. The American governor lives in St. Thomas."

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We believe in service for others, in health of mind and body to fit us for better service and in world-wide friendship. For this reason we are joining the American Junior Red Cross. We will help to make its work successful in our school and community, and will work together with members everywhere in our own and other lands.

AGAIN, THE PLEDGE

THERE seems no better way to start off another year's Junior Red Cross membership than to repeat, with understanding and with purpose, the pledge of your organization. These are noble words. But don't let yourselves stop with merely repeating words. For the pledge is a promise to do and not just to be. It would be better not to say the words, not to make the promise, if you do not intend with all your hearts to keep it, for a promise is a solemn thing. There are now on the membership rolls of the American Junior Red Cross 7,133,587 boys and girls in schools. Figure out what proportion that is of the whole population of the United States. Then suppose that every single one of those boys and girls should every day keep in mind and carry out the obligation of service for others, of building a healthy mind and body, of cultivating a friendly feeling for the people of other lands. Think what even one single year of that would mean in your school, in your community, in your country and in your world. Decide that this year your Junior membership shall *really mean what your pledge says it does.*

[12]

AN OLD QUARREL SETTLED

THE end of the old, old South American quarrel over Tacna and Arica is one of the signs that the world is getting more sense about the peaceful settlement of questions of the sort that used to provoke war.

Some fifty years ago, Chile went to war with Peru and Bolivia and captured the two Pacific provinces of Tacna and Arica. When peace came, it was decided that Chile should keep the two provinces for ten years and then the people should hold a plebiscite to determine to which country they should finally belong. But when the time came, both sides quarreled about how the vote should be taken. They quarreled about it for thirty years and could not come to any decision.

At least, though, they did not want to go to war. And so, finally, they asked the President of the United States to arbitrate. So General Pershing was sent down to arrange a fair plebiscite. But the arrangement he suggested did not suit Chile, who said that Peru was getting too much preference. Things became so unpleasant that Pershing came home ill. General Lassiter was sent down. He said Chile had behaved very badly indeed and had tried by unfair methods to throw the election its way. In fact, a plebiscite seemed hopeless. Next President Hoover had a try, and in May, 1929, the whole vexed question was settled. Chile got Arica and its nitrate fields, while Peru got Tacna with its vineyards. Chile promised to pay Peru \$6,000,000 and to turn over to Peru all the government buildings in Tacna without cost. Both nations promised to put up a monument in Arica to commemorate the peaceful settlement of the long dispute.

Chile and Peru were much pleased, though Bolivia was disappointed that she did not get what she had wanted for many years; that is, an outlet to the sea. But at least the ancient quarrel was ended without bloodshed.

TWO MISTAKES CORRECTED

THE head of the Junior Red Cross of Yugoslavia has called our attention to two mistakes we made in the NEWS last year. The first was in the January issue, in which we quoted the number of dinars to the dollar as five. Dr. Sokolovitch writes us that this was the rate before the World War, but that the rate now is about 56 dinars to the dollar. In the March number we spoke of the "forty letters of the Serbian alphabet." We should have said the "thirty letters," instead.

The Royal Glory of Williamsburg

FRANCES MARGARET FOX

Woodcuts by J. J. Lankes

THE story of the old-time capital of Virginia begins at Jamestown, seven miles away, where beautiful statues of Captain John Smith and Pocahontas now recall the beginning of English history and romance in America.

It was at Jamestown that Lord Delaware represented the King and held his court in the North American wilderness. He brought the first chair into our country and placed it in the church which he attended every Sunday morning accompanied by his admiral, his master of the horse, with other members of the council, and his guard of fifty soldiers, all in scarlet cloaks.

About eighty years later, in the reign of William and Mary, Frances Nicholson ruled the colony with a high hand. He fell in love with a girl of Middle Plantation, who refused to become the governor's lady, and married her own



Bruton Parish Church where many notables of Colonial Virginia worshiped

true love. The royal governor, after having knocked off the hat of the clergyman who performed the marriage ceremony, decided to move the seat of government to Middle Plantation, a higher, healthier region than Jamestown. This was done in 1699, and Middle Plantation was named Williamsburg, in honor of King William III.

Governor Nicholson made a beautiful plan for his city. He laid out a broad street nearly a mile long which he named Duke of Gloucester Street. At the head of it was the College of William and Mary, and at the eastern end in spacious grounds His Excellency laid the foundation of the first statehouse in America to be called a capitol. The courthouse, which is still standing, was built at this time. Governor Nicholson also provided space for the only royal governor's palace and the only palace green in all America. When you read the stories of the American Revolution, and of the early days of our Republic, please remember that nearly all the great Virginians—and three of them became Presidents of the United



The house built by one of the early professors at William and Mary College. It is still occupied by his descendants.

States—walked into our history by way of Duke of Gloucester Street.

The real royal glory of Williamsburg begins in June, 1710, with the arrival in Virginia of Governor Alexander Spotswood. The palace was built for him. An old-time writer tells us that it was "a magnificent structure built at the public expense, finished and beautified with gates, fine gardens, offices, walks, a fine canal, orchards, etc., with a great number of the best arms, nicely posited by the ingenious contrivance of the most accomplished Colonel Spotswood. This, likewise, has the ornamental addition of a good cupola, or lantern, illuminating most of the town upon birthnights, and other nights of occasional rejoicing."

For more than fifty years after the time of the well-loved Governor Spotswood, life was gay in Virginia. Royal governors came and went, more houses were built at Williamsburg. All summer long on the great plantations, there were festivities and much visiting. In the winter, in their city homes in the capital, the burgesses met, and attended dinners and balls at the governor's palace; and there were gay doings at the Raleigh Tavern. Every year members of the leading families went to Europe in their own ships.

Boys and girls of the capital watched stately processions going down the dusty streets. They saw the dark-skinned boys of the Indian school playing games on the green at the College of William and Mary. Sometimes they had glimpses of tall Indians decked in paint and feathers and necklaces of claws, stalking along the highway. On holidays they watched all sorts of races, including those for little boys running for new hats. They listened to the singing of ballads and the beating of drums and to merry tunes on the fife. On May day the little girls danced around the May pole on the palace green.

Finally we come to a later period when Governor Dinwiddie lived in the old palace of the royal governors, and his little daughters Elizabeth and Rebecca picked flowers in the old-time gardens. The governor learned that the French from Canada were building forts on the Ohio



River on land that England said belonged to Virginia. Now, Governor Dinwiddie knew a dependable young man named George Washington who had come to the College of William and Mary for a commission as public surveyor that he might lay out farms and vast estates for Lord Fairfax in the Shenandoah Valley. As young Washington understood the ways of the Indians and the wilderness, Dinwiddie sent for him and gave him a message to the French commander in charge of the forts on the Ohio saying that the country belonged to England.

After many adventures Washington was back in Williamsburg with the French commander's declaration that he would hold the western country for France. And thus began the French and Indian War.

England sent troops and one day General Braddock and his fine officers, all in scarlet coats and gold braid, were going hither and yon in Williamsburg on horseback, and every night the light shone far and wide from the lantern on top of the royal palace where for a few days the governor entertained his famous guests from beyond the sea. As we all know, Washington went with Braddock, who died in the forest. For a time Colonel Washington was stationed at Winchester where he defended the frontier against the Indians.

Then one day on his way to Williamsburg on the King's business, he met the charming young widow, Martha Custis, at a friend's house, and a little while after that she promised to marry him. As soon as the settlers on the frontier were safe from the Indians, Colonel Washington resigned from the army and he and Mrs. Custis were married. He was elected a member of the House of Burgesses, and when for the first time he took his seat at the capitol, the Speaker of the House in the name of the Colony thanked the young man for his services. When the colonel stood to reply he was so embarrassed that the Speaker took pity on him and said:

"Sit down, Mr. Washington, sit down. Your modesty is equal to your valor and that surpasses the power of any language that I possess."

After that for a number of years, Mr. and Mrs. Washington, with her children Patsy and Jacky, lived in her house in Williamsburg every winter.

In the year 1768 Governor Botetourt came to the capital. The Virginians had been growing much too independent to please the King of England, so, to impress them with his power and dignity, he gave Lord Botetourt a fine new state coach for his short journeys between the palace and the capitol. On the day when the burgesses were all in town, the governor drove down the Duke of Gloucester Street in his fine coach drawn by six milk white horses in glittering harness, and accompanied by outriders in scarlet uniforms to open the assembly.

The Virginians only laughed behind their newspapers and fans. They were quite accustomed to fine coaches made in England.

The new governor soon gave up trying to impress the burgesses by pomp and show, and was their true friend, although he was obliged to dissolve that first assembly. When he found he could not carry out the King's wishes, he resigned, but he died before he could leave Williamsburg, and there he lies buried. All Virginia had grown to love the good Lord Botetourt, so the burgesses voted to have his statue placed before the capitol. You may see that old statue in Williamsburg any day, but the poor governor was knocked from his pedestal during the American Revolution and his nose was broken and never mended.

The next time you read the old story of Patrick Henry's speech about the Stamp Act, ending with the words, "If this be treason, make the most of it," just remember that he stood in the old capitol at Williamsburg. He so thrilled the burgesses that they voted just as he wished. Therefore the governor dissolved that assembly. Instead of going home to their plantations, these gentlemen in their powdered wigs, and velvets, laces and shining shoe-buckles, went down Duke of Gloucester Street to continue their meeting in Raleigh Tavern with the bust of Sir Walter Raleigh looking down on them from the entrance door.

Lord Dunmore, who arrived in July, 1771, was destined to be the last royal governor of Virginia. When he came to the lovely little capital he pretended to be a great friend to the Virginians, whom he really despised.

When the burgesses learned that Lord Dunmore was expecting his wife and family, the gallant gentlemen announced that they would give a ball and entertainment in honor of the Countess and her three daughters.

Suddenly news came of the Boston Tea Party. Straightway the House of Burgesses passed resolutions that to show sympathy with Boston June first should be set apart as a day of fasting and prayer. This was the very day of the ball, but the governor immediately dissolved the assembly.

Nevertheless, the burgesses went on with the ball, and that evening the old capitol was gay with candlelight, joyful music and rich costumes. All the fine ladies and gentlemen of Virginia came and bowed low before the royal governor and his wife. Williamsburg never had been so gay.

Three days later, church bells tolled in the capital and throughout Virginia. The people of Williamsburg went to Bruton Church dressed in mourning, and the day was one of fasting and prayer. The Father of our Country was there. George Mason, the author of the famous Bill of Rights, had written to a friend, "Please to tell my dear little family that I desire my three eldest sons and my two oldest daughters may attend church in mourning." No more tea was served in Williamsburg except in the governor's palace.

There was much more excitement and dire reason for it before Dunmore finally fled with his family to a man-of-war off Yorktown. Thus forever ended the royal glory of Williamsburg. Patrick Henry, as the next governor, lived in Dunmore's palace, until after the close of the Revolution.

Richmond became the capital of Virginia, and many families moved away from Williamsburg which never became a real city. But now the old town is being carefully restored with its buildings and gardens and streets, as it was in the long ago.



Bruton churchyard



Posters made by a fifth-grade Junior of Peirce School, Arlington, Massachusetts, (above) and by a Siamese Junior (right)

A Chance for Artists



THE League of Red Cross Societies wants a poster for the Junior Red Cross over all the world.

And they want it to be designed by a Junior. So they are opening an international contest, and are asking Juniors in every country to compete. The successful poster will be reproduced in enormous quantities, and will be hung in schools in all parts of the world. Juniors in Europe, in Asia, in Africa, in Australia, in both the Americas, and in the islands of the South Seas will look at it every day. You will see it in your own schools. Whoever wins the contest will bring great honor to himself, his school, and his country.

It doesn't matter if you are quite young, for the posters will be judged in two groups—those by Juniors under fourteen years of age (called category 1) and those by Juniors between their fourteenth and nineteenth birthdays (category 2).

You are all asked to take part in this competition. Winners in the international competition will be awarded medals and certificates. The Red Cross Societies to which they belong will receive certificates.

We are therefore opening a National Poster Competition as a step in preparation for the international contest. Here are the rules:

1. The dimensions of the finished poster should be 45 inches long by 29½ inches wide. Posters of smaller size may be submitted provided they keep the same proportion.

2. The meaning of the poster should be conveyed by the picture.

3. If text forms a part of the poster, it should be essential, brief, striking and susceptible of translation.

4. To make the poster easier to reproduce, all the colors used in the design should be mixed from only three colors (these may be the three primary colors) and black and white.

5. Posters submitted must be signed by the artist, and on the back should appear his name, date of birth, school, and address, certified by a teacher.

6. Several Juniors may work on the same poster. In such case, all their names and dates of birth should appear. Such a poster will be classified in the category of age of the majority of the Juniors who assisted in its execution.

7. Posters should be sent to the four area headquarters, Eastern, Midwestern, Pacific and Insular. The exact closing date for the contest will be announced shortly in the NEWS.

SOMETHING TO READ

(Continued from page 9)

right to worship as they chose. Still another sort was Dr. Jenner, who experimented on his own son to prove his theory about vaccination in those days when smallpox ravaged the countries. Again, there was Copernicus, the astronomer, a valiant man of science, who discovered, after a lifetime of discouraging toil, that "the earth is not the center of the universe." This idea completely undermined the religious teaching of that time, and roused great enmity against him. The old astronomer knew that if he printed his book he would be in the gravest peril, but his love of truth was greater than his love of life.

—G. GORDON TRENER



Colombian Juniors with the children for whom they gave a party with a good lunch, toys and clothes

Our Friends Abroad

CANADIAN Juniors have a fund for crippled children. To raise money for this fund, Juniors of Westmount School, Montreal, Quebec, decided to make and sell a calendar. They liked the cover of the AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS for January, 1930, and so they wrote and asked if they might use it for their calendar. Of course the News said "Yes," and then the Westmount Juniors had a very attractive calendar designed, and printed many thousand copies. They wrote Sabine Junior High School, Garden City, Kansas, that they hoped to make \$1,500 for their fund from these calendars.

JUNIORS of Hornbach, Germany, feel they have received a great honor. They correspond with the Lee School, Boston, and recently they sent them this letter:

"We are writing to ask you a great favor. Our Minister of Public Education (the highest school authority in Hessen) has heard about the correspondence between the Boston and Hornbach Juniors and, as he is especially interested in our last parcel, has requested us to show him the portfolio. Would you mind collecting the letters and various articles contained in the portfolio and forwarding them to us together with an answer from you? We should greatly appreciate your kindness and would send everything back in the next parcel.

"Should you, however, not be ready with your return parcel, would you please send our portfolio, without your letters, at the earliest possible moment? By so doing you will render us and the Junior Red Cross work a great service."

The Lee School was able to send not only the Hornbach portfolio, but also letters and gifts of their own.

These are the same Juniors whose pictures appeared on the back cover of the JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS for May. The album they speak of told all about their trip to Switzerland. They earned money as they went along by giving plays they had learned. They also knew many folk-songs which they sang, and learned others while they were in Switzerland. The people liked to see their plays.

STUDENTS in the Girls' High School, Chi-puero, Colombia, who are pictured on this page, tell of their work and their country in an international correspondence album:

"During Red Cross Week 160 poor children came to have lunch at school. We also gave them toys and clothes. They were delighted. We wore white dresses and coifs on our heads decorated with a Red Cross while we waited on them at table and fed the littlest ones.

"In our beloved country there are no seasons, and snow is only to be seen on the very highest mountains. The sky is always blue. . . .

"The town of Bogota is built at the foot of a high mountain called Monserrat. . . . It is surrounded by a great plain crossed by several rivers; this stretches right away to the distant mountain range.

"The different parts of our republic are connected by roads and railways, while a number of air lines carry both passengers and post from the coast to the interior.

"So you see, Colombia is not a land of savages as some people seem to think; the inhabitants do not dress in feathers or eat each other up."

The school from which this letter comes provides its pupils with real experience in doing different sorts of work. In the album there are pictures of them gardening, sawing wood and studying tile manufacture. It is not to be won-

dered at, therefore, that the cow, which the father of one of the girls presented to the school, has been made welcome. The girls milk it themselves and distribute the milk to poor children under their care.

The boys in Colombian schools are also good Juniors. There is much less cruelty to animals and plants around Bogota than there was four years ago; instead of going after the birds with a sling-shot, the boys have found out that it is not only more interesting, but also a greater test of skill, to try to tame them. "We are at last learning the great lesson—kindness to living creatures," they say. "And our movement in favor of tree-planting has practically put an end to carelessness about growing things."

THE Red Cross Juniors at the Elementary and Upper Elementary School at Pecky, Czechoslovakia, have for the past three years organized a dahlia show. This year they raised a sum of Kc. 800 by voluntary entrance money alone.

The show is always held on the occasion of local holidays when many visitors come to town. Placards and tickets showing the names of the flowers were made by the Juniors themselves in school. They got the handsomest flowers from the owners of gardens and from the local professional gardeners, and borrowed the vases and glasses for the flowers (last year they numbered twelve hundred) from private houses and from the Town Improvement Society. The Juniors added salt to the water in the different vessels, arranged the flowers nicely in them, and then attached tickets to show the name of each flower.

Three thousand flowers and five hundred cactuses were on show last year. Music was provided by the Red Cross Junior Band and by radio, and the show was visited by very many people as well as by the children of neighboring schools. The Juniors raise much money by this show.

THE Secretary General and Vice President of the Greek Junior Red Cross sent this fine letter of congratulation to the American Red Cross on the occasion of the Fiftieth Anniversary:

[18]

"On the occasion of the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of your Red Cross, we beg to express to you our admiration for the great work you have achieved on the basis of the ideals of the Red Cross, and at the same time our deep gratitude for the precious protection and material assistance which you so kindly afford to the Greek Junior Red Cross for the protection of its work.

"The Greek Junior Red Cross, reflecting on the results attained in Greece through that assistance and on your unfailing comprehension of its difficult task, celebrates together with you this Jubilee of the American Red Cross as a child would celebrate the fête of his own parent."

JOHNSON is ten years old and a member of the Danish Junior Red Cross. He read in the papers that an English sailor had hurt his knee and had been taken to the hospital. John thought about him and went up to the attic to see what he could find that might amuse the sick man. He found an English magazine. Next day at school he talked to Hans, who had been in England with the Boy Scouts and who would be able to talk with the sailor in his own language. The two boys went to see the sailor at the hospital, taking with them the magazine, bananas and three Junior Red Cross postcards with stamps and a pencil, so that the sailor could write home. Now the section has decided to look after foreign patients at the hospital, if they have no friends or family to come and see them.

They have one child's bed and one perambulator. The boys are going to repaint them and then they will lend them for a year at a time to poor families who have a small child. A baby outfit will be given at the same time and may be kept.



Juniors of Perran Porth, Cornwall, England, hired a pony on a holiday and gave two-penny rides to raise money for their activities

A JUNIOR Red Cross group in Swinemünde, Germany, which subscribes for forty copies of the German Junior Magazine, pays

twenty pfennigs instead of fifteen for each number. The excess amount is used to provide copies of this magazine for a Junior Red Cross group in a school for deficient children in the Rhineland who cannot afford it.

A Junior Red Cross group in a high school in Celle, Hanover, Germany, collects tin-foil, steel pens and money for Christmas gifts, and visits old and sick people.



Toys made for Christmas boxes by American Juniors out of spools, cloth, paper and wood

“Something of Your Very Selves”

“DEAR Juniors in America:

“You who send such numbers of albums, such quantities of Christmas boxes, such thousands of gifts to your far-off friends in many corners of the world, receive in return, no doubt, innumerable expressions of gratitude which warm your hearts. But would you not also appreciate an account by an eye-witness? Yes? Then, I am your man!

“I have just been to see your comrades—not all of them, naturally, but hundreds of them, and I saw in their faces and behind their eyes, better than anyone could ever express it in a letter, what they really think of you. I want to tell you about it.

“I found myself in a schoolroom one autumn morning, in a northern country, on the edge of the Baltic Sea, that rather melancholy sea which cast its spell upon us through the big open windows. The children—all Juniors—at once begged me to tell them of their friends in America. ‘Why,’ I asked, ‘do you so much want me to talk about them?’ A dozen voices rang out at once: this, translated, is what they said:

“‘Because we like them so much. They are fine, they never forget us. They must be wonderful Juniors.’

“Never think, dear friends, that I tell you this to make you conceited; you see for yourselves, how easy it is to be beloved. You do not have to offer magnificent presents and spend a lot of money; all you have to do is to include in your albums some message dictated by your hearts, and to put into the gifts you send abroad something of your very selves. The Juniors in other lands will understand.

“While we are on the subject, I want to tell you of one other incident. In another country,

in a rural school, a very plain sort of school, but light and clean, with its rough board floor well scrubbed, the school-master said to one of the pupils, a boy of ten or thereabouts: ‘Let us see your most precious possession.’

“The boy held out a long red pencil. ‘Here it is, sir—my pencil from America.’

“Then the master explained to me his pupil’s fondness for this simple present, his share from one of the Christmas boxes. On the pencil was written, in English, ‘Unknown friend, I think of you. May you always be happy!’ These words which someone had translated, seemed to hold for the little boy, perhaps partly because his life had been saddened by the death of his father, all the force and charm of a magic talisman.

“And so, dear children of America, because I have been an eye witness to the effect of what you have done, I say to you, go on putting into little things the thoughtfulness and the noble sentiments which are the heart and soul of our Junior Red Cross.”

This letter to all of you was written by Mr. Milsom, the Director of the Junior Red Cross Division of the League of Red Cross Societies in Paris. It is the kind of thing that makes getting together the things for those Christmas boxes for overseas seem more worth doing than ever, isn’t it? So do the dozens and hundreds of letters of thanks and so does the thought of the places to which these small gifts go and of the children who are made your friends by them. Such letters and such thoughts make you realize why it is so very important that every single thing in every single one of the little boxes should be chosen with care. They make you see, too, why it is so specially nice to have the contents as far as possible the work of your own hands.

A letter from the Laird Avenue School of Warren, Ohio, gives an idea of how well the thing may be done. It is dated October 20 and says:

"Today we are shipping to New York thirty-five Christmas boxes packed by our school. We have packed boxes for the last seven years. The boys in manual training classes made toys and girls dressed dolls, made bedding, etc. Then others contributed balls, pencils, pencil boxes, and trinkets of all kinds. Each grade fills at least two boxes—one for a boy and one for a girl."

Last year 53,990 of the small Christmas boxes went with the greetings of the American Junior Red Cross to nineteen European countries, to Japan, to Turkey, to Alaska, Hawaii, Porto Rico, the Virgin Islands, the Philippines, Guam, Haiti, and Samoa. It was as if friendly hands reached out from all those schoolrooms in America to touch other friendly hands in neighboring islands and in lands over the seas and half way around the world.

How delightful it would be to follow some of those boxes to the end of the journey. It would have been fine, for instance, to have been in the little German village of Paretz, from which this thank-you letter came:

"Forsaken and still stands our school. Surrounding the school are forest-clad mountains. Such mountains you have surely never seen. Our town is only 200 meters from the Polish boundary. It takes half an hour to walk to the nearest village.

"We received your package at Christmas and we thank you sincerely for it. We had a little celebration here in our school. Unexpectedly a big package appeared on the Christmas table: no one knew what was in it. Our teacher had not mentioned it before, because he wanted to give us the added pleasure of a surprise. As the gifts were distributed, our teacher told us how the children so far away had prepared this Christmas joy for us. Our thanks hurry across the many miles to you. We wish we might have pressed your hands in a handshake of gratitude.

The package was opened and each one of us received a gift. For some of the children these were their only Christmas gifts; their parents are so poor and are unable to give their children many pleasures.

"We send you again our most heartfelt thanks for the happiness which you brought to us."

Everybody has read about the particularly hard times that Porto Rico has been having for several years. Yet last year the Junior Red Cross of the island filled and sent two thousand boxes to boys and girls of Santo Domingo which was then recovering from a terrific hurricane.

No decent creature gives Christmas presents with an idea of getting something in return, yet some of the children in countries receiving the little gifts from the United States have felt that they wanted to send something back. You have read in the *News* of the many, many pounds of apricots that came back from children of Turkey, and of what wonderful things Japan has sent. And it is a fine story long to be remembered how the hundreds of pounds of thank-you currants from Greece were used in thousands of dozens of delicious cookies made by American Juniors and shipped to children in the drought area last winter and spring. The Greek Juniors have written many letters of appreciation for the gifts from the United States. Juniors on the island of Melos, where about a hundred years ago the world-famous statue of Venus was discovered, wrote:

"We received your kind gifts and thank you very much. What pleased us more than anything else was that you remembered us, who live on a small Greek island, and count us among your friends. Long live the Red Cross which binds so many children in fraternal love through its noble objectives."

Our West Coast faces east and so Pacific area Juniors send their gifts to Hawaii, the Philippines, Guam, Samoa and Japan as well as up the coast to Alaska. The boxes for Europe have to be in New York by October 26, and so September is the month to begin on those. Don't miss the fun this year.



Juniors of Laird Avenue School, Warren, Ohio, with Christmas boxes they have filled



Enrolling Juniors in Public School Number 4, Brooklyn, New York

One Junior to Another

JUNIORS in the District of Columbia began their work for the year as soon as school opened by giving the first six weeks to canning and preserving fruit. The Junior Red Cross spent \$370 on materials, and the students filled five thousand four hundred containers with grape juice, jelly, marmalade, preserves, and canned fruit. These were stored, and then, just before Thanksgiving, and just before Easter, were delivered by the motor corps of the District Chapter to veterans' and children's hospitals and two health schools for tubercular children. Later in the winter at the time when the oranges were at the height of their season, the classes in two grades made orange marmalade.

This work was carried on in home-economics classes. By using the funds of the Junior Red Cross, the students were given much more experience in the processes of canning, preserving, and jelly making than would otherwise have been possible.

JUNIORS of Whittier School, Toledo, Ohio, every year celebrate with a "parade of the Red Cross boxes." The fifth grade writes:

"How would you like to fill one of more than forty Red

Cross boxes and not see any but your own? Oh, how we wanted to see all of them, but how? We just couldn't go to all the rooms to see them. Why, everybody would be running in the halls.

"One day something happened.

"A messenger went to all the rooms, saying, 'We will have a parade of the Red Cross boxes.'

"How happy this made us, because now we knew we could see all of the boxes of Whittier.

"After each room had filled its boxes, they were wrapped with fancy paper, tied with bright-colored ribbons, and sent to the office. The class officers from each room assembled in the office where the line of march was to begin. The president of each class carried his own box. Two kindergarten children headed the parade, followed by Juniors from every grade. They went to every room in the school.

"They then returned to the office and left the boxes to be sent to girls and boys in faraway lands who, we hoped, would be made as happy as we were while filling them.

"The boxes were all beautifully wrapped in Christmas paper and bright ribbons and piled in a pyramid after the parade. Next day, when the Parent-Teachers' Association meeting was held, the children explained to their parents the purpose of the boxes. Finally they were sent to the Red Cross office."



The globe and dolls in foreign costume made by the Juniors of the M. L. Trace School, San José, California

THE colored schools of La Grange, Georgia, prepared and sent thirteen Christmas boxes to foreign countries. These Juniors have their own city-wide council which meets regularly, and are

very active. They exchange albums and dolls with foreign countries, have adopted the soldiers at the U. S. Veterans' Hospital at Tuskegee, Alabama, and send presents to the children in the colored orphanages, and give milk to underweight children in their own schools. Several of the schools also made special bulletin boards for Junior Red Cross notices.

JUNIORS in the history class of the M. R. Trace School in San José, California, made a globe twenty inches through, of newspaper and paste. They painted the continents and oceans. Then they made dolls of wire and sealing-wax and dressed them in the costumes of foreign lands. Then they took a photograph of the globe with the dolls sitting all round it, and sent it in an album to Poland with this letter:

"Dear Friends in Faraway Poland:

"We are one of the small schools of San José. There are 370 pupils enrolled in Junior Red Cross—one hundred per cent of us.

"We joined the other schools of San José in sending over two thousand stamped Christmas cards to the Veterans' Hospital near here. They were sent to the boys two weeks before the holidays, so they were in plenty of time for them to make use of them.

"We have sent our illustrated poems to children's hospitals. We also collected jellies and jams for these hospitals. At Christmas time a family adopted by some of us were provided with clothing, gifts, and food—warm and ready to serve.

"We heard of your wonderful gift to the Mississippi flood sufferers and we thought it a marvelous thing to do. You must have big hearts. We'd like to know you better. Wish we had a magic carpet so we could step on it and suddenly find ourselves right with you.

"A field representative talked to us of Red Cross workers, and she made us feel that we wanted to do more."

JUNIORS were very active in the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Red Cross in Johnstown, New York. The mayor declared a holiday for the afternoon of the twenty-first of May, and all the schools closed. There was a

big parade of sixteen hundred people. The schools marched as units, and each school had a distinctive costume. Juniors carried Red Cross and United States flags. The bands of the high school and junior high school, together with the fife and drum corps of the American Legion, supplied all the marching music. There was a poster

contest in the junior high school and the high school for a Red Cross poster. Two winners were given cash prizes, and nine or ten of the best were displayed publicly.

JUNIORS of Jacksonville, Florida, made a fine window display to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the Red Cross. They sent to National Headquarters for some picture material, and then used the cover of the May issue of the JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS as the basis of their decoration. They made a lighthouse. From it went a long ray on which was lettered: "The Red Cross lights the way to good will." Across the front they put a row of children which they had drawn and painted. They were the children of foreign lands, and were nine inches high. The rest of

the space they filled in with samples of J. R. C. work which had been made in the different schools of the city.

After the display was taken out of the window, it was set up in a classroom, where all the students could examine it.

THE public schools of Mobile, Alabama, have a monthly newspaper. Last May they had a Red Cross issue to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary. Nearly four of the ten pages were given over to J. R. C. news and to articles on the Red Cross, and about Clara Barton. These were written by the Juniors in the different schools of the city.

It also tells of some of the work carried on by the Juniors. Juniors of many different schools

filled Christmas boxes to send to children in other countries. One of the Juniors wrote:

"We had much pleasure in filling the boxes, and the children had much pleasure in opening them. We know the little children enjoyed the boxes, because of the letter of thanks they sent us."

Sixth-grade Juniors of Yerby School sent a museum box to a sixth grade class in Austin, Minnesota. In it were Spanish moss, a bottle of sand, oyster and conch shells, a magnolia leaf, acorns, pecans, and a picture of azalea blossoms.

THE William Watson Woollen School, Indianapolis, Indiana, made a feature of the fiftieth anniversary of the Red Cross in its commencement program last June. On the cover it had the same picture of the signing of the treaty of Geneva that appeared in "The Story of the Red Cross" in the May number of the News. Then members of the graduating class made speeches with these titles: "The Story of the Origin of the Red Cross," "The Meaning of Our Red Cross," "Clara Barton and the Red Cross Family," and "Our Junior Red Cross." These were the only speeches besides the one made at the presentation of the diplomas.

WHEN Hendrika Spaanbroek came to the United States she spoke only Dutch, her native language. But when she went to the American schools in Asheville, North Carolina, she found friends through the Junior Red Cross. She studied there for one year and the better part of another year, and then she took the first prize in a contest held in all the schools of Asheville for

an essay in English on "The Spirit of the Junior Red Cross." Most of the other students who tried for the prize had spoken English all their lives.

The prize is a silver loving cup which is given every year by Miss Violet Henry, a former chairman of the Asheville Junior organization.



Juniors of Lafayette Junior High School, Elizabeth, New Jersey, with their Christmas boxes

many pictures of it growing from the branches of the trees.

They told how the country people gather the moss from the branches of the trees and dry it. They then take it to the gins, where it is soaked in water until the outer part comes off, leaving a thin black hair like a horsehair. This is then pressed into great, hard bales and shipped to factories. It is used in the place of horsehair for stuffing upholstery for furniture and automobiles.

The album also told how one hundred and thirty-eight Acadians came down from Nova Scotia to Louisiana in April to take part in the unveiling of the statue of Evangeline in St. Martinsville, La. The visitors wore the historic Norman costume worn by Evangeline. They traveled all over the part of the state associated with the famous story.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

September, 1931

	Page
THE LYNX...Charles Livingston Bull Cover	
THE PIRATE	
Drawing by Marie Abrams Lawson	2
THE GOLDEN ROAD...Anna Milo Upjohn	3
Illustrations by the Author	
THE INVENTOR OF CHARIOTS	
Florence M. Gillett	5
SON OF THE ANIMALS...Idella Purnell	6
Illustrations by Frances Purnell Dehlsen	
SOMETHING TO READ.....	9
ISLAND NEIGHBORS.....	10
EDITORIALS	12
THE ROYAL GLORY OF WILLIAMSBURG.....Frances Margaret Fox	13
Woodcuts by J. J. Lankes	
A CHANCE FOR ARTISTS	16
OUR FRIENDS ABROAD.....	17
"SOMETHING OF YOUR VERY SELVES"	19
ONE JUNIOR TO ANOTHER.....	21
CHILE	24

CHILE



EWING GALLOWAY

The falls of Laja (above) in Southern Chile are about half a mile wide and nearly 150 feet high. This picture was taken at low water. When the river is in flood, there is many times the volume of water shown here. (Right) The main thoroughfare of Santiago de Chile. (Circle) Students of Concepcion are clever at gymnastics. (Lower right) How some of the Indians of Chile live



INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTOS

Llamas and stone walls are typical of the Andes



Silver jewelry of an Araucanian Indian princess



PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF THE PAN-AMERICAN UNION

